

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



AN APPEAL TO THE DALECARLIANS.

## GUSTAVUS VASA; OR, PRINCE AND PEASANT.

CHAPTER X.—THE INSURRECTION.

A GREAT tumult had taken place in Swädsio. A hundred Danish soldiers had marched in, and becoming intoxicated with mead, which they had drunk to excess, committed great ravages in several farm-houses, especially at Mrs. Mindsen's. She was the most exposed to the hatred of the Danes, for it had transpired, through Perssen's treachery, that Gustavus

Vasa had been hospitably sheltered in her house, and had found protection in Bav's herculean strength.

After the Danes had plundered all that was most valuable of the widow's property, and broken to pieces and destroyed what was of less worth, they indulged their cruelty in accordance with the proverb, "As is the master, so is the servant."

Mrs. Mindsen had been tied down to a wooden chair in the courtyard, with the carcasses of her cows, which had been killed, lying around her. Opposite

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

to her was Rosanna, with both hands nailed to the gate, her youthful blood discolouring the white snow as it flowed from her wounds. In spite, however, of the most acute agony, she suppressed all exhibition of pain, out of tenderness for her mother, whose loving heart the Danes well knew how to lacerate in the most fiendish manner. Indeed, the condition of the widow was far more painful even than that of her daughter, which she made known by her heart-rending supplications for mercy. Her entreaties, however, were only met by renewed scoffing from her tormentors. In the small low compartment in the stable which formerly served as a sty for pigs, was to be seen the venerable head of the pastor, who had been placed there by the ribald soldiers whom he had warned and conjured, though in vain. Armed with a crossbow and sharp arrows, a Dane stood at some little distance from the tortured Rosanna, selecting her for his aim. More than one arrow, missing Rosanna, stuck in the gate.

The girl, after she had cast a last glance full of the tenderest affection on her half-fainting mother, stood with her eyes raised towards heaven, expecting every moment to be her last.\*

"You can do nothing," cried the wildest of the Danes; "give me the crossbow, and I promise to hit exactly the part you may point out to me, even if it should be one of the girl's blue eyes. You may go on ringing the alarm-bell, you Swedish dogs!" continued the Dane, as he applied an arrow to the bow, "we have scarcely enough music for our pastime."

"Hit the girl in the left eye, Broom," said one of his comrades.

"No, Broom!" called out another; "send a shaft into the preaching father's mouth there."

Broom stood undetermined as to which he would aim at, when suddenly a stone struck him with great force on the face, and threw him to the ground. All eyes, which had been directed to the crossbow, now turned in haste in the direction from whence the stone had come.

"Shoot the little dog down!" "No, catch him alive that we may torture him!" "Run after him!" clamoured the Danes, furiously. The words were uttered in allusion to Henrick, who with a sling in his hand stood on the wall of the courtyard, apparently delighted with his success. The next moment he had jumped down into the open field. The two Danes who, in order to catch the boy, ran out of the yard, met with an unexpected obstacle—Bav and Eriksen, followed by a number of armed peasants.

The Danes who had made themselves most conspicuous for cruelty were first attacked, so that in a short time their corpses covered the ground in the one yard, as the carcasses of the cows did in the other. Gustavus Vasa's next care was that Mrs. Mindsen should be released from the chair, and Rosanna from the gate. They also released the good pastor from his ignominious imprisonment. Thus all who had been rescued, Henrick included, were placed under the protection of several armed peasants. The rest of the Danes, who would as soon have expected the sky to fall as the Dalecarlians so suddenly to rise, were pursued until they took refuge in a neighbouring farmyard, which they quickly barricaded as best they could. All this time the alarm-

bell continued ringing, at the sound of which the surrounding peasantry assembled to the number of a thousand men, who in their turn commenced besieging the Danes.

"Bring firebrands here! we would rather that our property should be devoured by the flames than allow the cruel Danes to remain amongst us."

As this was the universal cry, the Danes, who numbered upwards of sixty, felt satisfied that it was no idle threat that they heard, and therefore offered to deliver up their arms if allowed to go free.

The peasants, after conferring amongst themselves, agreed to abide by Eriksen's decision as to whether they should accept or reject the offer; and he deciding that it should be accepted, the Danes were liberated, whereupon a hundred of the peasants armed themselves with their enemies' weapons, and, though but a small force, formed Gustavus Vasa's first army.

The excitement, however, of the Dalecarlians did not terminate with the expulsion of the Danes. In the great assembly which was held afterwards they talked of nothing but the menaces and cruelties of which they had been guilty during their search for Gustavus Vasa. They had boasted, foolishly enough, that their king would undertake a blood-journey throughout Sweden, and erect a gallows on every farm held on feudal tenure. Moreover, in order to suppress any attempt to revolt, he would deprive every peasant of an arm and a leg. Nor should any Swede be allowed to possess a crossbow, or wear a sword at his side.

Gustavus Vasa knew how to profit by the present temper of the Dalecarlians. In a forcible and enthusiastic speech he described the love of freedom, and the self-sacrificing heroism of the ancient Swedes; with that he compared the perjured faithlessness and cruelty of King Christian and his followers; lastly, he urged his countrymen to rise as one man against the foreign oppressor.

Great as was the impression made on the Dalecarlians by this spirited harangue, it might be doubted whether it would have had quite the success desired, had not another circumstance just at that moment added materially to its weight. The giant Bav stepped into the assembly, followed by the grey-headed pastor and Mrs. Mindsen, leading and supporting poor Rosanna between them. This little procession was closed by Henrick, with his sling coiled up in his hand.

The venerable pastor bore on his face, as well as on his head and hands, the marks of the ill-treatment inflicted by the Danes because he had concealed Gustavus Vasa in his house. The same was the case with Mrs. Mindsen, who was further disfigured by the black and blue lines across her wrists and arms occasioned by the small though strong cord with which she had been bound. But still more lamentable was the appearance of the pale and suffering Rosanna!

On a sign from Eriksen, Mrs. Mindsen loosened the bandages round her daughter's hands. He then raised her arms, with her swollen hands burning with fever, and called out with emotion,—

"There, my brethren! behold the marks of the nails with which the Danes nailed this child to the gate! This delicate frame, these graceful limbs, these soft blue eyes, this pious, angel-like face, were selected by the merciless invaders as a target for their deadly bolts! Do you think that you, your wives and children, would fare better if they returned

\* Some of the details of the War of Independence are painful to read, but they are cherished in Swedish annals, and given by Nieritz as historical facts. The very pain with which they are now read happily marks the prevalence of a more civilised and Christian feeling.

in order to avenge their comrades, who have fallen here by our hands? That they will return you may be certain, if we remain inactive. Would you wish to be made ashamed by this boy"—pointing to Henrick—"who alone, against a host, raised his hand to protect the life of his sister, without waiting to consider what would be his own doom if he were captured? Does his flashing eye not tell you that he is proud of his bold deed? Does the same feeling not swell your bosoms after the first-won victory? Ah, my friends, our victory of to-day may be the commencement of a great many, by which our dear native land will be free and great again! Brave Dalecarlians! respond to the cry, 'Death to our oppressors! and success to our just cause!'"\*

A thousand voices proclaimed the general feeling. The same evening Gustavus Vasa, accompanied by a great number of people, set out for Mova, one of the most populous parishes in Dalecarlia, in the hope of inducing the inhabitants there also to rise against Denmark. The report of the cruelties and threats of the Danes, which were in circulation before his arrival, greatly facilitated his object. The next day he marched at the head of two hundred armed Dalecarlians to the mountain town Falun, where he attacked and conquered the Danish commandant, and took him prisoner, together with a number of King Christian's adherents. On that occasion Gustavus could not prevent his men plundering the shops and stalls of the Danish traders there, and by the spoil so obtained many of the peasantry were induced to join their victorious countrymen. For, alas! in all ages and amongst all nations there have ever been, and still are, uncivilised multitudes who feel inclined to do what is right, not for the sake of right, but from selfishness and greediness of gain. It is the privilege of great geniuses to know how to control such motives in the furtherance of a great cause.

Gustavus Vasa, who in the General Assembly at Mova had been appointed governor of the Swedish kingdom,† taught his soldiers, after they had defeated an army of six thousand men, under the command of the faithless Gustavus Trolle, to manufacture better weapons, and to fight according to the rules of military art. At the same time he insisted on the observance of strict military discipline, and punished without mercy any violation of the same by death. Thus he prevented many excesses to which martial forces are generally prone, and from which peaceable inhabitants suffer. If soldiers had more respect for divine and human laws, war, that offspring of hell, would be less dreadful in its consequences to defenceless communities.

In May, 1521, only three months after Gustavus Vasa's first success, he ventured formally to declare war against the King of Denmark, and soon after took Wästerås, a town in Westmanland, situated about eleven miles‡ from Stockholm. Every fresh victory brought an accession of fresh troops, and with them many Swedish officers from King Christian's army. When he saw so many trained soldiers

filling his ranks, he divided his force and sent back most of the peasants to their homes and former occupations. Not long after this the university of Upsala fell into his hands. There was now nothing more for him to conquer but Stockholm, the capital of Sweden; he therefore summoned the senators of the kingdom to assemble for a reichstage at Wadstena, in Ostgothland. They attended in great numbers of all ranks, and amongst them were some of the most distinguished nobles. He addressed those present with earnestness, describing to them the state of the kingdom, and calling upon them for active assistance. Moved by his fervid appeal, they all expressed their willingness to follow him, and entreated him to ascend the throne, as no one was more worthy to wear the crown which Christian had forfeited by his treachery and cruelty.

Gustavus thanked them for the confidence they reposed in him, but declined the high honour they proposed to confer on him. "My friends," said he, "first let us completely root out the Danes, it will then be time enough to choose a patriotic king."

## CHAPTER XI.—THE SACRIFICE.

ALTHOUGH the Swedes did not, in the year 1523, sit under their fig-trees and vines, as did the Israelites, they lived in greater security than they had done two years earlier. The executions and oppressions from which Sweden had so long suffered by Christian II were at length put an end to. The country was slowly recovering from the wounds it had received, and the peasant as well as the citizen enjoyed the fruit of his industry. Perfect peace, however, was not yet established, for the Danes still had possession of the capital; and although they were not sufficiently strong to cope with Gustavus Vasa in the open field, they were strong enough to resist him powerfully from behind the fortifications of Stockholm. Moreover, as they had ever remained masters at sea, they were in a position to procure supplies and reinforcements from Denmark, or in case of failure to secure their retreat.

Four youths, nearly of the same age, traversed the country together on their way to the capital in the same year (1523). Each carried a well-filled knapsack across his shoulders, the weight of which, it was easy to perceive, did not interfere with his joyous mirth. Besides the knapsack each had a sling and a small bag, containing some well-selected stones, fastened to his side. In this they resembled David the shepherd boy, for they too were carrying cheese and salted meat to their elder brethren in the camp. The names of the four Davids are not unfamiliar to the reader, though it be difficult at first sight to recognise in them Henrick, Malo, Levin, and Tauwsen, for they had grown considerably during the two years which had intervened since they were last seen.

"If my uncle eats as much as he used to do," said Henrick, "the half-score of cheeses and the ham we are carrying will last him only two or three days. My mother thought the same, and that it would scarcely be worth the trouble to bring them all this way. But Rosanna said uncle would be sure to be well satisfied, and even delighted, for he would see by the cheeses and ham that we again possessed cows and pigs, to purchase which he had sent us the money he had saved."

"Who of us would have dreamt," said Malo,

\* The principal and most influential yeomen of all the parishes in Eastern and Western Dalecarlia elected Gustavus Vasa to be lord and chieftain over them and the commons of the realm of Sweden. Some scholars who had arrived from a distance, brought new accounts of the tyranny of Christian. Gustavus placed them amidst a circle of peasants to tell their story. Old men represented it as a comfortable sign for the people that as often as Gustavus discoursed to them, the north wind always blew, "which was an old token to them, that God would grant them good success." Sixteen active peasants were appointed his body-guard, and 200 more youths who joined him were called his foot-goers. The chronicles reckon his reign from this small beginning.

† In February, 1521.

‡ About sixty-six English miles.



"that the simpleton Bav would have been so useful as he has become? and now he is next in dignity to the governor of the kingdom!"

"And if Gustavus Vasa had accepted the crown," replied Henrick, with a certain degree of self-importance, "my uncle would now have been next in dignity to the king."

"Then Bav is perhaps a captain," said Levin, inquiringly.

"At least," said Henrick, "he sent us a message informing us that he always stuck close to Mr. Eriksen's heels; and that signifies a great deal when we know that Mr. Eriksen is the highest nobleman in the kingdom."

This conversation would have continued much longer, had it not been interrupted by an exclamation of surprise which burst forth from Levin. The other lads gazed with straining eyes in the direction indicated by his outstretched arm. The view which opened on their astonished vision was of no ordinary kind. They had never seen the sea till now that it appeared before them bounded in the far distance by the southern horizon. On the rising waves were visible a number of large vessels, with their white sails spread to the breeze, which to the youths added to the novelty of the scene. Who could wonder at the mute and rapt astonishment of the young mountaineers? Ten three-masted ships, their decks covered by armed men, their streamers fluttering in the wind, approached the coast from the free town Lubeck, a terror to the besieged in Stockholm and a delight to the besiegers.

The youths proceeded onward to their destination, as did also the ships. Soon a new scene exciting their wonder and admiration presented itself. A cluster of seven islands, on which the city of Stockholm and its suburbs are built, like Rome on seven hills, lay before them. Ritterholm (Knight's Island), from being rather more elevated than the rest, and on which stand the Church of St. Nicholas, the Monastery of the Dominican Friars, the King's Palace, and the Church of the Knights, was the first to attract attention. Farther on, between the city and its northern suburb, is Helgeandsholm (Island of the Holy Ghost), and on the east is Schiffsholm (Ship's Island), with its church, docks, and dockyards. Then Blafinsholm, Lachyardslandet, and Kingsholm, with its large and small buildings; above which might be seen on a bright May day numerous spires towering up towards the clear blue sky. The two suburbs are separated from the other parts of the town by the North and South Channel, the whole forming what is designated as the city and town of Stockholm, strongly fortified on all sides. At a moderate distance the besiegers had thrown up their outworks, and behind these had pitched their tents and erected wooden huts.

Levin was the first to resume the conversation. "Only look," said he, jokingly "how wide Tauwsen opens his mouth. I might throw one of our cheeses into it."

"He would like to swallow up all Stockholm," said Malo.

"We never imagined that the town was so large and so beautiful!" said Henrick, admiringly. "How often have I blamed the stadtholder in my own mind for consuming two years before an old crow's nest; but now—ah! look, there's fire."

Boom! boom! thundered from the ships.

"These are the large pieces of artillery called

cannons," continued Henrick. "Our people are shouting with joy. They also have now commenced firing. That represents the salutation between friends, as the good pastor told me he read in books."

"It does not please me," observed Malo. "If it is meant as a compliment, I should like to know what it is when they are angry."

"Here we are at Stockholm!" cried Henrick. "But where shall we find our countrymen? where my uncle? and where the stadtholder?"

These words, spoken in a loud voice, received a reply from a very unexpected quarter. Two men in Swedish costume had approached the new arrivals without being perceived by them; and having heard Henrick's questions, the least prepossessing of the two answered, "You wish to know where you can find the stadtholder? What can you, young squire, have to do with so exalted a personage? You don't look of sufficient importance for his acquaintance."

"I wish to see my uncle!" said Henrick, boastingly. "He is next in rank to the stadtholder; yea, he is his very shadow."

"Who are you? What is your parentage?" inquired the other Swede.

"I am of the house of Mindsen," replied Henrick, pertly; "and my family is by no means one of the lowest in Dalecarlia."

"Mindsen!" repeated the stranger. "The name is not unknown to me. Say, is the stadtholder, Gustavus Eriksen, related to, or is he only a friend of your family?"

"Not related," replied Henrick, "but certainly a friend. He was once in the capacity of a servant on our farm, and as such even received a blow from my mother!"

Here the man who had first spoken took the other aside, and said to him, in an undertone, "Sir, would it not be as well to secure the youth as a hostage? Then, if Gustavus really conquers Stockholm, you might extort terms from him?"

"Kätthist," replied the other, "you must act for me. I can give you no advice; I would rather be a thousand miles away from here, or, if it were possible, gladly would I return to my wife and children. Who could ever have supposed that the solitary fugitive, Eriksen, would have brought matters to such a pass!"

Kätthist now turned to Henrick, and addressing him, said: "If it is as you have stated, follow us; we will lead you to the stadtholder, or to his shadow, your uncle, by the shortest way."

"Very well," replied Henrick; "but my three companions must be allowed to accompany me. We agreed amongst ourselves that we would not separate."

"Who are they? and what are they seeking here?" asked Kätthist, eyeing them wistfully.

"Their brothers," replied Henrick, "were not the last to expel the Danes; they will therefore be in favour with the stadtholder."

"Do they know how to handle an oar or to steer?" asked Kätthist, his face lighting up; "for in order to find our way quickly to the stadtholder, we must proceed in a boat."

"We might take offence at your question," said Henrick. "Do you think we are such awkward fellows as not to be able to do either?"

"Well, then," said Kätthist, "we will go."

The narrow path which Kätthist took soon brought the party to the sea-shore. Amongst the bushes at the mouth of a small creek, a fisherman's boat lay

concealed. Of this boat Kätthist took possession, and went aft to the helm, and his master to the other end, placing the young Dalecarlians between them. The boys took the oars and plied them with such skill and force, that the boat glided over the sea, which was now as smooth as glass. In their zeal, the young rowers omitted to perceive that they had passed the ramparts of the besiegers, and were approaching the town close to the Ritterholm. But when they saw the sentries on guard were Danes, by their dress, Henrick suddenly dropped his oar, and exclaimed, "Ho! those are our enemies!"

At this exclamation Henrick's companions also ceased pulling, which checked the progress of the boat, and caused it to drift like a log of wood. On a sign from Kätthist, his master took hold of an oar in order to assist him in pushing the boat to the shore. While they were so engaged, Kätthist laughingly cried out, "Enemies! Danes! what are you raving about, you foolish screech owl? Do you think the besiegers would have allowed us to pass had it been so? Do you not yet know that the Ritterholm is in the possession of the Swedes? Those you take for Danes are our countrymen, who have dressed themselves in the clothes of their prisoners."

Notwithstanding this explanation, the youths became intensely anxious, undetermined whether they should remain in the boat, or endeavour by swimming to reach the Swedish lines. Their resolution was at last taken when utterly impossible to execute it. They found themselves actually in the power of the Danes by the treachery of the faithless Perssen and his servant Kätthist.

Though the Danes were persuaded that the four Dalecarlians were not the sons of Swedish noblemen, but only simple peasants, and that he of whom it was said he stood next in rank to the stadtholder was but a mere page or serving man, they nevertheless did not set the youths free, but detained them for any opportunity that might offer for gaining some advantage by them.

Since the fleet from Lubeck had effectually prevented the Danish garrison from being reinforced, or obtaining supplies of any kind, the position of the Danes became more and more difficult to maintain, so that when authentic news came from Denmark that the people there had also revolted against Christian, and that he had been compelled to fly from Copenhagen as an outlaw from his own dominion, the garrison declared its readiness to deliver up Stockholm to Gustavus Vasa on certain conditions. Gustavus, highly delighted to bring the wearisome siege to a close, and to rid the capital of its enemies, consented, and a treaty was entered into by which the Danes were to leave Stockholm within a given time. In the interim all hostilities were to cease.

Here we are again reminded of the fact, that a traitor, when no longer required, is left exposed to the danger of being hanged by the party he has wronged. However advantageous might be the conditions in respect to themselves for which the Danes stipulated, they had not thought of including in the treaty those Swedes who had supported the Danish cause, either openly or otherwise. Amongst others, the crafty Perssen, being now left to his fate, began to tremble for his life. To provide, therefore, for his personal safety, he availed himself of Kätthist's advice, to retain in his own custody Henrick and his companions.

Shortly before the expiration of the time allowed

to the Danes to fulfil their part of the treaty, Bav, fully equipped in military attire, repaired to the stadtholder's tent with a letter in his hand. "Yonder, sir, stands a young fellow," said Bav, addressing Gustavus Vasa, "who calls himself Malo, from my village, and pretends to be an old acquaintance of mine. But how should I remember all the little boys who have grown up since I left? He handed me this letter, and said that it came from Henrick, the son of my sister-in-law, but that is a story, for where could he have learnt to write? The said Malo related other very strange things, which may also prove untrue. Read, sir, I pray you, for you know I cannot."

Gustavus took the letter, the inscription on which caused him to smile. It ran thus: "For my Uncle, Bav, who is next in rank to the stadtholder." He then opened it, and read:—

"DEAR UNCLE,—If you do not wish that I and my three companions, Levin, Malo, and Tauwsen, should be strangled, ask your good friend, the stadtholder, not to punish Mr. Perssen, but to allow him to return home to his wife and children. He promises never to do any wrong again. If the stadtholder consents, let him accompany Malo, who will lead him to where Mr. Perssen expects him, in order to hear the pardon for his own life in the presence of witnesses. If Malo does not return, I shall be tortured in a cruel manner before I die. How all this happened you will hear from Malo. Your brother's child,

"HENRICK MINDSEN."

"That's the story of Shimei," said Gustavus, thoughtfully.

"Who was he?" asked Bav; "I do not know him?"

"I dare say," replied Gustavus. "He was the Israelite who, when he fled from his son, cursed King David, and afterwards was the first to fall at his feet when the king returned victorious. What do you advise me to do, Bav?"

"I advise you, sir!" exclaimed Bav, perplexed. "Oh, sir, you are mocking me."

"You are right, in this you cannot advise me. It concerns your own kinsman," said Gustavus, in deep meditation. "This miserable Perssen, who attempted to betray me to the Danes—ah! how would our country have fared now if his project had succeeded? But, Gustavus, you are only an instrument in the hand of the Most High, who even without you would have known how to free the fatherland. Has the wretched traitor not been already sufficiently punished? While driven by an evil conscience, has he not been forced to wander about, pained by the recollection of wife and children, house and lands, during two long years? Should I not be punishing Perssen's wife and children if I condemned her husband and their father? Must I hesitate where it concerns the release of a near relative of my friend, and the preserver of my life? Come, accompany me, Bav."

Bav obeyed, and followed Gustavus, who, preceded by Malo and attended by some noblemen, walked towards the rendezvous, which was between the ramparts of the besiegers and the fortifications of Stockholm. Arrived at the spot, Malo pointed to where Perssen stood trembling between fear and hope awaiting the meeting. Behind him Kätthist's malicious face was seen.

Gustavus Vasa turned his noble full face towards

the traitor, raised his right arm above his head, and declared in solemn oath, with a loud, impressive voice, that he would take no revenge on Perssen for the past, provided— He did not finish.

Simultaneously with the twang of a crossbow, Bav's lips uttered a cry of terror, while with his powerful arms he pushed Gustavus aside with so much force as to cause him to stagger and fall to the ground. Bav, instantly taking a rapid stride forwards, with outstretched arms, stood motionless over him in a stooping position. The next moment the heavy sharp bolt which had been discharged from the crossbow came flying through the air, and penetrated deep into Bav's chest, when, with a groan, he sunk down mortally wounded.

So treacherous an act caused great excitement amongst those present, and the Swedes, who had hastened to the spot on hearing the cry of "Treason!" would immediately have stormed the fortification, and taken the most sanguine vengeance, had not Gustavus restrained them.

Some Danes, fearing for their own lives, seized Perssen and Kätthist and delivered them over to Gustavus Vasa. Perssen solemnly declared that he had not authorised the deed, and Kätthist—already in the agonies of death, for immediately after he had shot Bav he thrust his knife into his own chest to avoid falling alive into the hands of his judges—confirmed what Perssen had said, but at the same time denied that he had aimed at Gustavus, adding that it was on Bav alone he wished to be avenged, because he once treated him roughly in the presence of some of Perssen's servants.

"The assassin's confession may be true or not," said Gustavus Vasa; "I only know this much, that death from his hands would have been my lot, had the faithful Bav not made himself the victim to save me." Then turning to Bav, he said, affectionately: "Oh! my deliverer from so many perils, how can I thank you enough for your devotion to me? You must not die now that a bright future is just opening on our native country! No, you must live to reap the fruit of our hard fought battles in a good cause."

Bav shook his head mournfully. "Sir," he said, in a feeble voice, "believe me, Perssen's servant is no bad archer. For such a wound as this there is no healing plaster in this world. I die, yet I do not murmur at the issue. Heavy as my death wound presses on my chest, the easier is my heart. I have shed innocent blood, therefore must mine now flow. It is the just retribution for my sin. Only one thing would I ask—"

But his strength failed him as he spoke, and in a few moments he became unconscious. In that state they carried him back to the camp, and there left him to the care of a skilful surgeon.

## WORK AND PAY FOR LADIES.

BY ISABELLA M. S. TOD, BELFAST.

THE same social questions which are coming to the front in England are also working their way in Ireland. The points of difference between English and Irish life are many, but not fundamental, and the same forces are presenting the same problems in both communities. None of these problems are more pressing than that of increasing the means of remun-

nerative employment for ladies. Into the momentous moral and social questions connected with this freedom to work there is no need to enter, for the necessity is admitted. Efforts of many kinds are being made, the best being those of individual women, who have taken up the work that lay next them, or have struggled to reach that which they felt themselves fitted for. The words of Dr. Hodgson, Professor of Political Economy in Edinburgh University, are accurately true, that this is a deliverance "which must be wrought out rather than thought out." But to help the mass of ordinary people, whose force of character is hardly sufficient "to find a way or make one," some means must be used. Governesses' institutions, bureaux where information about work can be had, shops and warerooms where new forms of business are opened to women, are each and all most valuable. But of even more consequence is it to supply girls with the opportunity of *learning* remunerative arts, for the apprenticeships through which boys acquire such knowledge are closed to them.

It is with a little sense of inward triumph that Irishwomen find that in this point they have got the start of Englishwomen, and that their efforts have proved a success of the most "practical" kind. Among the institutions for the help of women which London contains, there is not one of precisely the same nature and extent as the Dublin Queen's Institute. The Institute was commenced in the autumn of 1861, and derived its initial force, as many other good things have done, from the annual congress of the Social Science Association. The subject of the employment of ladies having been brought forward prominently during their meeting in Dublin that year, several ladies and gentlemen resolved at once to form a committee to promote the movement. They had many sympathisers, but some doubted, of course. They persevered. A lady—Miss Corlett—was appointed secretary, who only accepted the office temporarily, but who has ultimately devoted herself to the work with a zeal, wisdom, and patience which largely account for its success. She was ably seconded by a band of earnest fellow-workers, who, after years of heavy and anxious work, see the Institute now in a position to make all their exertions tell with good effect. They began with one class, for teaching book-keeping, which was attended by eight or nine pupils. Last year, the tenth of its existence, the Institute had ten technical classes, and about eight of a more educational character, which have been added as necessary aids, with a total attendance of 937 students. From the first the character of the work done has been strictly practical. Class after class was added as opportunity presented itself, both for obtaining the best teaching and for the employment of the pupils when taught. No step was taken the utility of which was not carefully ascertained beforehand. Appearances have never been consulted in comparison with the reality of the work done. The progress has been strictly one of *growth*; and, though they have a list of friends whose subscriptions have made it possible to supply special technical instruction at a rate within the limits of narrow incomes, yet that list has been rather an influential than a large one.\*

The technical classes of the Queen's Institute at present are—Drawing and Painting (in connection

\* There are always a number of free pupils, nominated by the governors.



with the Government Department of Science and Art), Porcelain Painting and Gilding, Wood Engraving, Illuminating, Lithography, Telegraphy (Post-Office School for Female Telegraph Clerks for Ireland), Photographic Painting, Needlework, Lace, and Embroidery, Sewing Machine, Law Copying, Book-keeping. They have also an agreement with the Irish Academy of Music, by which Institute-students share in all its advantages; and in connection with this a new class is just being formed for female organists. Out of the technical classes have sprung the educational. Telegraphy required geography to be attached to it; book-keeping led to classes for French, German, Italian, and Spanish, for the purposes of foreign correspondence. The excellent Art-library gradually began to include many valuable books of a more general character. The University Examinations for Women, having an industrial as well as intellectual value, occasioned the enlargement of some of the classes to a full English course. In this way the scope of the Institute has widened by degrees. But even the classes which might be, and are, attended by those who are not seeking technical instruction, have a vigour and directness of tone which are quite new in the history of ladies' education. The practical purpose and defined aims of the Institute are felt throughout all its departments, and it is easy to understand how these educational classes have attracted many ladies who have no expectation of turning their studies to pecuniary account. This is an important and fortunate circumstance. Any separation between ladies who intend to exercise their skill for payment, and those who do not, is mistaken and evil. It perpetuates the false idea that there is something unwomanly, or at least unladylike, in working for money, in securing an independence, in mapping out a vigorous self-sustaining life. It is therefore a very hopeful sign to see an institution which started with the avowed design of teaching arts by which ladies might earn their bread, and which has closely adhered to that design, becoming also a resort of ladies whose circumstances make such an object of study unnecessary. This not only proves the excellence of the teaching, but also shows that the influence of the Institute has been of a most wholesome kind, in removing the old and ignorant prejudice against ladies who work. Many amateurs are drawn to the class-rooms simply by love of art; but the majority are attracted to the educational classes by the business-like and energetic arrangements, and the consequent rapidity and certainty of progress in their studies.

The presence of these ladies, however, might possibly mislead a reader of the reports of the Queen's Institute in one point. The number of ladies who have obtained immediate employment in consequence of their connection with it, is given for each year. It now amounts to several hundreds. But while the absolute number continues to increase from year to year, the proportion of those so employed to the total number of pupils is of course lowered by the attendance of these other ladies. Yet as it must often happen that a time comes when they are glad to exercise for gain an art learned for pleasure, the mere figures cannot tell all the good effected by the Institute. Besides those on its own Registry, governesses, designers, and others frequently find situations through its means; and its Repository is open on certain conditions to those who have no other connection with it. Like all living organisa-

tions, it has gathered round it agencies not at first contemplated. A great variety of miscellaneous work is done both within and without the walls, which cannot be classified, but is of great value. Free studentships, to be given to those who need such helps, by the nomination of the governors, and money-prizes for designs of various kinds, to be won in open competition, have lately been added to their plans. A grant for scholarships also was given this year from the "Gilchrist fund" of the London University.

As might be expected from an association so practical, with only wholesome ambitions, and those so wisely pursued, the Queen's Institute is perfectly free and unsectarian. Its titled supporters, and its working staff, are alike to be found among people of all shades of opinion. Work, which in individual life heals many a sorrow, and chases many a care, in the more complex life of society is also a preventive of disputes and difficulties. When people are united as to a definite and useful end, they find they can work together so far as they are agreed.

The managers of the Institute have just now one serious trouble. Their classes, their workrooms and studios, their whole machinery, has grown too large for its habitation. They are crowded, in their large house in Molesworth Street, almost beyond the power of working properly, and quite beyond the power of showing their work to advantage. To obtain more space in their present neighbourhood would be very difficult, yet if the number of students goes on increasing, they will be compelled to do something to get room to move and breathe in. It is to be hoped that an institution which does so much credit to Ireland will soon be enabled to find a fit "local habitation."

Educational reformers, when claiming collegiate advantages for women, are often told that the colleges for men arose in the first place from the pressing necessities of the professions, mainly the clerical, and that endowments simply for education were an afterthought. This is given as a reason why we need not hope for any generous aid for the education of women. But no college could stand more firmly on the basis of a noble utilitarianism than the Institute does. Here, surely, is the union of high aims with the sternest requirements of changing modern society. We have long since got past the day when people talked of

"Sweet girl-graduates, with their golden hair,"

as a pretty sort of impossibilities. We have even got past the day when their possible existence was admitted, but their *raison d'être* denied, and insults to their understanding were smothered in compliments to their faces. The universities have at last awakened from their sublime abstraction, and have discovered that there are women in the world, and that it is possible to educate them. They have even stooped to recognise the education they are not prepared to give, and will sanction it if, on inquiry, it appears to deserve their *imprimatur*. Is this all that they can do? In the far distance we think we can discern the universities opening their own august doors to women. But, much nearer than that, we foresee a recognition by them of certain straight and unornamented doors, erected by women themselves, as being no unworthy portals to the great temple of fame of which they are the acknowledged guardians and janitors. Surely, when that day comes, the stately "mother of a

university," as Queen Elizabeth's charter calls Trinity College, will be glad to have, in her own town, a college so worthy of being recognised as the Queen's Institute.

### WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE.

FROM the day of the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, to the close of that year, was the darkest time of the Americans in their struggle for freedom. The crossing of the Delaware by General Washington on Christmas Day was the turning-point of the war. Before that daring and unexpected movement the state of affairs seemed desperate, but the heroic spirit of the commander kindled a new enthusiasm, and victory for that day was assured. From an English history of the time we quote what relates to this crisis of the war.

The British forces under Howe had taken possession of New York. Forts Washington and Lee were in their hands. Washington was compelled to retreat across the Passaic to Brunswick, thence to Princeton and Trenton, and from Trenton to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. General Lee, the right hand of Washington, was a prisoner, and many of the colonists submitted to the British Government.

This was the most gloomy period of the revolutionary war. It was the crisis of the struggle of the United States for independence. The American army, reduced in numbers, depressed by defeat, and exhausted by fatigue, naked, barefoot, and destitute of tents, and even of utensils with which to dress their scanty provisions, was fleeing before a triumphant enemy, well appointed and abundantly supplied. A general spirit of despondency through New Jersey was the consequence of this disastrous state of public affairs. But in this worst of times Congress stood unmoved; their measures exhibited no symptoms of confusion or dismay; the public danger only roused them to more vigorous exertions, that they might give a firmer tone to the public mind, and animate the citizens of United America to a manly defence of their independence. Beneath this cloud of adversity, too, General Washington shone with a brighter lustre than in the day of his highest prosperity. Not dismayed by all the difficulties which encompassed him, he accommodated his measures to his situation, and still made the good of his country the object of his unwearied pursuit. He ever wore the countenance of composure and confidence, by his own example inspiring his little band with firmness to struggle with adverse fortune.

While Washington was retreating over the Delaware, the British, under Sir Pelew Parker and General Clinton, took possession of Rhode Island, and blocked up Commodore Hopkins's squadron and a number of privateers at Providence; but this measure was disadvantageous to the British, as it required the presence of troops which might have been much more advantageously employed.

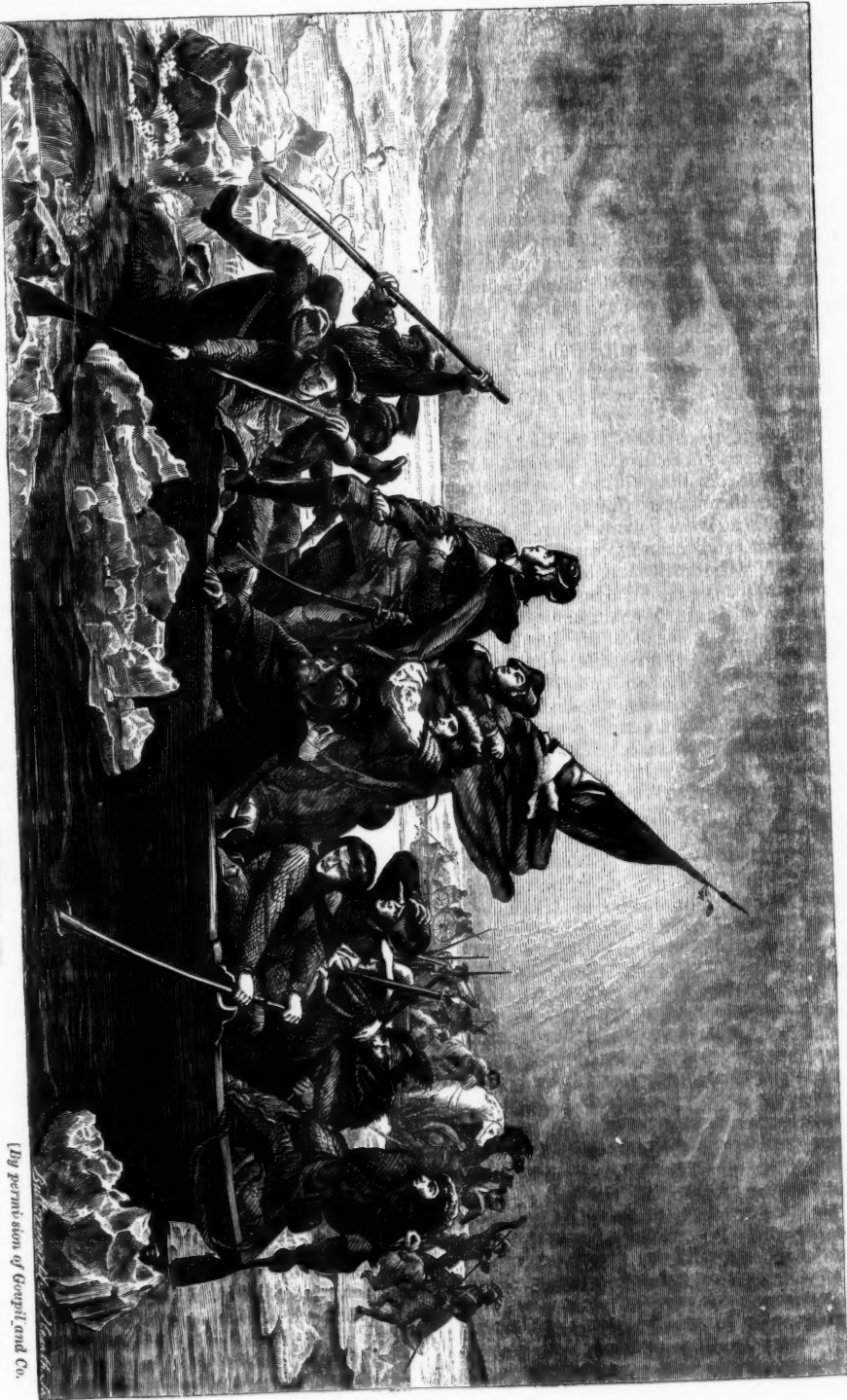
The neighbourhood of Philadelphia now becoming the seat of war, Congress adjourned to Baltimore; resolving at the same time "that General Washington should be possessed of full powers to order and direct all things relative to the department and the operations of the war." In this extremity, judicious determinations in the Cabinet were accompanied with

vigorous operations in the field. The united exertions of civil and military officers had by this time brought a considerable body of militia into their ranks. General Sullivan, too, on whom the command of General Lee's division devolved on his capture, promptly obeyed the orders of the commander-in-chief, and at this period joined him, and General Heath marched a detachment from Peck's Kill.

The army, with these reinforcements, amounted to seven thousand men, and General Washington determined to commence active and bold operations. He had noticed the loose and uncovered state of the winter quarters of the British army, and contemplated the preservation of Philadelphia, and the recovery of New Jersey, by sweeping, at one stroke, all the British cantonments upon the Delaware. The present position of his forces favoured the execution of his plan. The troops under the immediate command of General Washington, consisting of about two thousand four hundred men, were ordered to cross the river at M'Konkey's ferry, nine miles above Trenton, to attack that post. General Irvine was directed to cross with his division at Trenton ferry, to secure the bridge below the town, and prevent the retreat of the enemy that way. General Cadwallader received orders to cross the river at Bristol ferry, and assault the post at Burlington. The night of the twenty-fifth was assigned for the execution of this daring scheme. It proved to be severely cold, and so much ice was made in the river, that General Irvine and General Cadwallader, after having strenuously exerted themselves, found it impracticable to pass their divisions, and their part of the plan totally failed. The commander-in-chief was, however, more fortunate, and, though with much difficulty and considerable loss of time, succeeded in crossing the river, and reached Trenton by eight o'clock in the morning. The British forces posted there were defeated, above a thousand Hessians taken prisoners, with six pieces of artillery, a thousand stand of arms, and some military stores.

Although afterwards thinking it prudent to recross the Delaware, this display of enterprise and vigour on the part of the Americans astonished and perplexed General Howe, and, though in the depth of winter, he found it necessary to commence active operations. Such was the reviving influence on the minds of the American soldiers, and such the skill which the commander-in-chief exercised, that, after several successful operations following that of Trenton, he not only saved Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, but recovered the greatest part of the Jerseys, in defiance of an army vastly superior to his, in discipline, resources, and numbers. Of all their recent extensive possessions in the Jerseys, the English retained now only the posts of Brunswick and Amboy. These successful operations on the part of the Americans were immediately followed by a proclamation, in the name of General Washington, absolving all those who had been induced to take the oaths of allegiance tendered by the British commissioners, and promising them protection on condition of their subscribing to a form of oath prescribed by Congress. The effects of this proclamation were almost instantaneous. The inhabitants of the Jerseys, who had conceived a violent hatred to the British army, on account of their unchecked course of plundering, instantly renounced their allegiance to Great Britain, and attached themselves to the cause of America.





*After Lutiz.*

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE DELAWARE, CHRISTMAS, 1776.

*[By permission of George and Co.]*



## CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA.

BY AN AUSTRALIAN COLONIST.

**A**ND why should we not keep Christmas there? True it is that our heads point to another pole of the heavens, and nature exhibits her contraries to so great an extent that a French philosopher declared New Holland had dropped from the moon; yet we are conservative Britons, and retain our national prejudices. Don't they dance with tight black coats in the sweltering heat of Calcutta? Then, who can forbid the banns of Australian union with Christmas plum-pudding?

It is only as one passes the Line that the real separation from Europe is realised. The same ocean surrounds us, but the stars have all at once undergone a remarkable transformation. Those that were up are down, and such as were down are up. Looking at the belt of Orion, and running our eye outward, we saw Sirius below the horizontal on the north side of the equator, and we see it above on the south side. This has a far more singular effect upon the mind than the gradual disappearance of the Northern Bear, and the elevation of the Southern Cross. We are satisfied that we are then cut off from Old England by the very heavens themselves. But though the stars thus change, and seasons are reversed, the pulse of the British colonist beats loyally towards his native land; and he proves that "absence makes the heart grow fonder" by increased devotion to country and to queen, and all the loved associations of his youth. Yes, we do keep Christmas there.

An Australian Christmas, indeed, is quite against nature. The season ought to be cold. The air should be crisp and frosty. A blast must come from the north-east, and even snow might lie, with true consistency, upon dead fields and leafless trees. But we have changed all that in the south. The warm breath of summer comes perfumed through wattle blossoms, while the soft sighs of forest zephyrs fan the cheeks of beauty, and discourse sweet music in the lovesong of birds. Instead of skeleton frames, the woods thrust forth their noblest foliage, and floral charms entice one everywhere. The insect world are out in their gayest colours, and the young lambs frolic in the sunshine. The rivers, which never hurry themselves in Australia, excepting during floods, are gently flowing between green banks at Christmas time, while lakes and rills all drive dull care away with laughing waters.

A merry Christmas in England has some serious drawbacks. The song of mirth is often mingled with the wail of sorrow. The shouts of men at least are drowned in the cries of want from little ones. We have changed all that, too, in Australia. If we have not the equipages of Europe, and the magnificence of aristocratic wealth, we rear no workhouses, and have no parade of distress. There is not that season call upon our charity, for Christmas blessings crown the homes of the working classes. We enjoy

the favours of Providence, are grateful for God's good gifts, and wish our careworn brothers of a distant land could share our happier lot.

"Ah!" says some laughing lassie, "but you have not the mistletoe at your Christmas."

This, alas! is too true. The oak-mistletoe—the Balder-slayer, and yet the type of mysterious, spiritual being, the emblem of another life—is really wanting there. We make a vain attempt to get a substitute. We gather the mistletoe of native trees, the outgrowth of a peculiar vegetation, and hang it up for blushing victims. But the old folks shake their heads at the dreary sham, and sigh for the pearl-like, glistening berries of their youthful days.

"But you never could have Christmas-trees there," it may be said. Yes, we have indeed. Many, many years ago, before that pretty German artifice was popular in England, it was known in South Australia. German Pietists, persecuted in their own country, came to the southern asylum of freedom, and brought old customs with them. There, when surrounded by the vines which recalled the Rhineland to their thoughts, they kept up time-honoured Christmas, and introduced the Christmas-tree, with verdure clad.

And we have our songs there. We can even sing "Cold the blast may blow" to the accompaniments of steaming evaporation. But "Auld Lang Syne" is excessively popular with the emigrant school there. In no other part of the world is an air more energetically delivered at Christmas than "God save the Queen." We are yet too British there to make music out of Australian objects. It is of the oak we sing, and not the gum-tree; the woodbine, and not the acacia; the woodpecker tapping, and not the laughing jackass calling. We speak of gullies, but sing of vales. In our Christmas carols the robin sits on the snowclad sill, gazing through the panes at the crackling fire, though we are longing for the blazing sun to be gone that eve.

"Do you tell riddles too?" asks a tiny one. Yes, we do, and of the original sort, imported direct from our great-grandfathers. "Humpty Dumpty" sits there on a wall, and we see strange things as we are going to St. Ives. Impertinent boys there inquire where Pompey was when the candle went out, and oracular declarations are made about the "nose above the chin."

As to Christmas games, it is hot work to sit in a room at "hunt the slipper," but famous fun on the grass beneath the trees. Forfeits, of every conceivable variety, are quite familiar; and we measure yards of love, bite inches off the poker, and kiss the one we love best. Boys and men will be hearty at cricket, except the quieter or more knowing ones, who are seduced away by the fair to impromptu croquet lawns. Even the old-fashioned "kiss in the ring" got transported to Australia. It is really too hot and alcoholic altogether to indulge in

"snapdragon," any more than the steaming punch, and we resign roasted chestnuts to the traditional cat and monkey. Bolder spirits are off for their holiday to the haunts of kangaroos, while others confine their sports to preparations for a parrot-pie or a fish fry. Music and the dance, domestic sports and games, and other amusements of the old country, are among our festivities.

Of course such amusements are practised on the Boxing-day. We are, however, too independent out there to go from house to house, cap in hand, humbly suing for Christmas-boxes. The eight-hours' system, and a better understanding between master and man, will not accord with the practice. The old feudal relations of Europe are left behind, and a healthier self-reliance is begotten. The loafing instincts do not thrive in the land of honest toil and freedom. But we get all the fun from the old institution. Workmen have their processions, with brass bands and trade emblems. Temperance organisations are demonstrative in their worthy zeal, and Bands of Hope wave their triumphant banners in youthful glee. The evening public concert, or the family party, appropriately closes the happy day.

In our Christmas Eves we have plenty of jokes and laughter, but we miss the shuddering treat of ghostly revelations. In point of fact, the ghosts cannot cross the "great herring pond," and our young folks are not scared by narratives of terrific visitations at midnight hours. No ghost could stand the bold glance of an Australian sun, or tarry where no ivy robes old mouldering ruins, and no churchyard drear exhales the poisonous breath in which the prowling spirits revel.

We have no Christmas fairies in Australia. Grimm's stories of elfin spite find no believers there. If Tam o' Shanter's tormentors could not cross the stream, how could spirits venture upon the ocean track? The dear "Little People," although the "Friends of Man," have not appeared to add their Christmas gambols there. All readers of folk-lore know how they love the hearth in that sacred season; but we have then no hearth to which we could invite them. As we have no fairies, neither have we fortune-tellers. We miss the dark-skinned gipsy, and have no disciples of palmistry picking up sixpences while tracing out the lines. Like the ghosts, the revealers of human fate have a decided aversion to ship life. Ghosts may be conjured into the Red Sea, but no magic power has drawn a gipsy to our gum forests.

So we do the best we can to make up that loss. We deal out conversation cards, and laugh heartily at the assortments. Yet, after all, there is a prosaic tendency in the colonies to work out our own destiny, rather than wait to see what it may be.

The Australian contradictions do not end with Christmas. Our Easter is as great a mistake, apparently. With the birth of flowers, and with Easter eggs—the type of early life—the European season is essentially spring. On the other side of the world the festival reaches us in autumn, and is associated with the glowing vintage and the fall of deciduous leaves. The summer is over and gone, the grass has recovered its verdure, and the genial winter of showers and flowers is seen approaching.

In spite of Christmas dissimilarity in England and her settlements, there are many things connecting Australia with the Holy Land. Shepherds may still be seen watching their flocks by night. The palms,

the vineyards, the oliveyards of Judea, have their representatives in New Holland. The primitive condition of society there is singularly re-established in the bush of Australia. In both are recognised the quiet pastoral life, the generous rights of hospitality, and the nearer approach of rich and poor. It is far easier to realise the scene at Bethlehem amidst the landscape and associations of Australia, than with those of our mother country.

At our Christmas time the towns are forsaken. It is one universal picnic. It is an out-of-doors festival. The cry is not, "What shall we do on Christmas day?" but "Where shall we go?"

In remote periods of colonial history our rambles were limited; but now, with steamboats and railways, with good roads and vehicles, our trips embrace a larger area. Each place has its own favourite haunts for Christmas parties. Sydney possesses the open Manley Beach, the wild Blue Mountains, the picturesque Heads of Port Jackson, the romantic Botany Bay, and the orange groves of Parramatta. Adelaide pours out to its seaside Brighton, its Glen Osmond of beauty, its Mount Lofty waterfall, and its sunny vineyards. Brisbane has its majestic river, its banana retreats, and its bracing Darling Downs. Launceston hastens to cataracts and glens, boats upon the Tamar, or clambers Ben Lomond. Hobart Town revels in picnic delights. The summit of its Mount Wellington can yield a Christmas treat of snowballing. Its Domain is spread with laughing groups. A crowd of sail enlivens its noble harbour. But who can praise too well its quiet nooks of beauty? No Vale of Tempe had half the attractions that some Tasmanian gullies display.

The Victorians, who are the most energetic of workers, are the most abandoned of pleasure-seekers. They thoroughly go in for enjoyment on a holiday. Christmas scatters them boating on rivers, sailing on bays, and lounging in spots of loveliness. The fern-tree vales have their especial admirers of beauty on a Christmas day. To walk beneath the arching fronds, to traverse the corridor of fringed stems, to tread upon the mossy carpet at their base, and to hear the sweet babblings of a mountain rill mingling with the bell-tones of a charmer's talk, is no less suggestive of soft emotions than educational in the ideal of the beautiful.

It is the children's day in Australia. The scholars are free from tasks; the labour of parents is suspended; a smiling landscape beckons all from home; little feet are restlessly beating to be off in the wilds afar; little tongues are proposing impossible schemes of delight; little fancies are indulging in extravagant dreams of pleasure; and mothers, full of care about sandwiches and tarts, have yet time to cast abroad pearls of love in nods and smiles. Fathers are of no manner of use then but as foils to others' fun and industry. They are the make-weights of the party—the bearers of burdens, and purse-bearers to boot. From their dear hands Christmas presents have already appeared, and not the least popular of parental gifts is a volume of the "Leisure Hour" or "Sunday at Home."

Christmas festivities are not without their troubles in Europe: excursion-trains may get off the rails, and slippery frosts may fracture fragile limbs. In Australia a Christmas sun may strike a head with deadly power, and forest depths entomb a heedless traveller. The writer once knew nine consecutive



days of hot wind in Adelaide at such a season. So intense was the heat, so blinding the dust-storm, so enfeebling the continued temperature, that the contrast to the old country was complete; yet even then, although compelled to defer a picnic, we feasted on beef and pudding in the garden shade.

It was one Christmas time, now nearly twenty years ago, that a gay pleasure party rode through a lovely sub-tropical vegetation at the foot of a granite range. A beautiful and intelligent child flitted like a butterfly about his darling-mamma, feasting upon the sweetness of her endearing words, and giving laughing love-tokens back in return. Missed for a moment, a gay *coo-ey* was sent after the weary laggard. No response being obtained, the anxious party called and called again, riding backward as they shouted. They saw the foot-track of the pony turned from the pathway into the dense forest. The dear fellow had, perhaps, only gone for a pretty flower he had seen floating from a distant bough, and must soon return. They waited, and *coo-eeed* on; still the errant one came not, answered not. Alarmed indeed, some rode off for more trackers, others entered the woods in search, and the rest tremblingly stayed in the narrow way. A lengthened search ensued. The favourite pony was found quietly feeding in the forest; the warbling merry little one was not found, was *never* found.

The Church is not silent on that day; the bells peel forth cheerily, inviting men to come and sing about the Babe that was in Bethlehem. It is the pleasing custom to adorn the interior with shrubs and flowers, although we have to use an apology for the holly. Many a party delays its start till the morning service has closed; still, owing to the prevalence of Puritan opinion—especially of Presbyterian anti-church feast sentiments—the day is accepted as a holiday in the wider sense. But hymns of praise will often rise in sylvan glades, and grateful prayer be heard, because the Holy Child was sent to bless our race. And those who went forth to enjoy themselves will, in their evening home, gather their children and thank the Father for a happy day.

The "Black fellow's" presence at our festival in Australia is a curious incongruity. There he stands, the type of barbarous antiquity, gazing on the sports of the intrusive White, the exponent of latter-day civilisation. Before our era, he had roamed a free man of the woods; and when the manger was watched by the maternal love of Mary, the dark-skin held his moonlight corrobory. He will eat our Christmas beef, but his eyes are dreaming while we speak of Christmas faith.

And do we have good cheer that day?" Good cheer, indeed! It may well be so, with good incomes, with fruit so delicious and abundant, and with the finest ribs of beef at threepence a pound. Fields are laughing then with the yellow grain, and orchards are groaning beneath their burden. Although on that day the mahogany is forsaken, and the greensward is laden with viands, there is no neglect of material for a meal. Our American cousins are staunch in their loyalty to the British institution of puddings and pies, and boast of their improvements upon the pastry of their ancestors. In Australia we are equally attached to that ancient order of things, and flatter ourselves that at Christmas we can beat the old country in crusts and subcrustian mysteries. Should it not be so with superior flour and fruits? Plum-puddings and mince-pies, however, preserve their original seat of honour amidst all the

refinements of more cultured civilisation. We occasionally exchange pieces of such precious commodities with English holiday-keepers. As our good cheer is taken under rambling circumstances, dyspepsia is not a necessary sequel to a Christmas repast, and little boys rise next morning with appetite for breakfast.

As drink forms so leading a feature of the Saxon's festivities, it may be supposed that healths are duly honoured in the land of adoption. But, to the honour of the colonies be it said, there is less forgetfulness of the laws of sobriety on that day than amidst the red berries of England. Though spirits and beer retain their popularity, there is a large consumption of the fermented juice of the grape, when at five or six shillings the gallon. Very many parties, however, carry with them unfermented drinks of varied manufacture, which refresh the thirsty without exposing to temptation. The old barbaric custom of commemorating the birth of the Saviour by extra indulgence in liquor will surely pass away.

It is often under great difficulties that Christmas is kept up there. Far in the interior, perhaps, the raisins cannot be got for the pudding, though a ride of fifty miles to the store had been made; or no cattle station exists within range to furnish the beef. But the best substitutes are found, even though native berries be put in the flour, and a wild turkey of the plains be sent to the colonial oven. In the loneliness of the bush, the season is observed with due honours, and the children are instructed in its sacred meaning. Even the explorer in the wilderness has done what he could to keep up the day. One, who had exhausted his small stock of luxuries, reserved the sweet, all but empty sugar-bag to flavour the pannikin of tea for Christmas.

The season is pre-eminently devoted to lovers. No day in the year is more fruitful in matrimonial engagements.

It is a time of reunion; it is the grand out-of-door festival of the year; should not the young folks meet and be glad? Why should they not, while laughing in unison, while mingling their chants, while chatting merrily over the grass-spread cloth, have a sidelong glance at an individual favourite of the group, or whisper a word intended for one ear alone?

It is a great comfort that young folks can hold Christmas communion with more satisfaction there than in England. Here, with all its pleasures of intercourse, so little comes out of it. The girls don't catch the men, for the men think they can't have the girls. They fairly tremble at the responsibility, in these times of high civilisation, of taking charge of such expensive, though such beautiful, exotics. Visions of extra bills rise to dim a rapturous gaze, and prudence steals like a cold mist to obscure the Delectable Mountains of fancy. Now an Australian ramble is beset with no such anxiety and disappointment. The lady has no painful necessity laid upon her to practise dear seductive arts, while the male adorer has no need to bridle his feelings, and guard his attentions. Being at the extremity of Mrs. Grundy's empire, we are rather indifferent to her claims. As we dare have a Christmas celebration without a thought of what the Browns may think of our table, we venture upon matrimonial matters without sacrificing ourselves on the altar of society. As less is wanted there to start life with, and as more is obtained to support life afterwards, the terrible questions of "Will you?" and "When?" are put

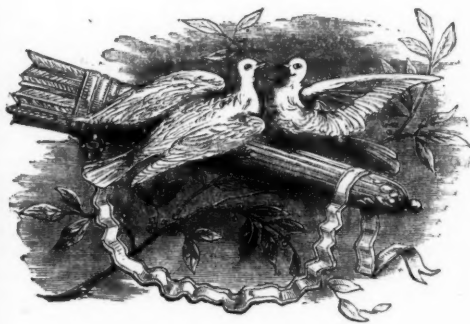
with an amazing amount of coolness, and responded to with an equal measure of satisfaction.

How dear is an English Christmas for family meetings! The old home idea is not lost in the colonies, but there are so few grandmothers to see that day. We are, however, rapidly raising a crop of the genuine sort of antiquity. As food is cheap, and easily got, marriages are early, and the parents' troth at eighteen is reverently imitated by the dutiful daughter. And then, as the climate is so favourable to the aged there, it will not be long before the dear old folks will be quite as much a Christmas institution in Australia as in Britain.

We do the best we can, however. While those of the family who have crossed the flood are gathered, then absent ones in far-off realms of fog and snow are pledged in loving speech. And how nice it is on Christmas day to find some one who once saw or knew a beloved friend of ours! how delightful to revive the memory of form and gesture, and let our children hear of relatives they love, but never saw! Many a tear of remembrance has been shed on that sweet day for fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers; many a tender vow has been made that day to send help to the feeble and old; many a prayer has shown that English friends are near and dear to Christmas rambles in fern-tree vales.

Home comes close to the heart of the settler then; it clings with peculiar force to the mind of the wandering and lonely that day. The shepherd, whose flock have coiled under the shade for their noontide rest, will sit musing so sadly and long, that the dog, wearied of remaining unnoticed, creeps up to his master and licks his drooping hand in sympathy. The dumb demonstration of canine attachment is grateful to the softened nature of the man who has been thus dreaming of Christmas loved ones far away.

Yes, we do keep Christmas in Australia.



### The Dove's Note.

THE lady for the falcon hath a lure and silken hood,  
And a mesh to bind the brave hawk hath the damsel with  
the snood;

They give them room to fly, as it seemeth, at their will,  
But the silver whistle proves them subject to the trainer's  
skill.

My love, my gentle ringdove, I have no lure for thee;  
I have no art to train thee; I wish thee, dear one, free;  
If my love can win thee, come then; but if art be needed  
too,  
I must die, a dove forsaken, faintly calling "Coo! and  
coo!"

G. C. C.

### A MIDLAND TOUR.

#### XXVII.—COVENTRY (*concluded*): THE WATCH TRADE AND OTHER TRADES OF COVENTRY.

ONE of the most interesting of all manufactures is that of the WATCH—man's bosom friend, his companion by day and by night, his frequent counsellor, his little casket of art! And there is something befitting a city so famous for its religious institutions, in the manufacture of watches, those monitors of Time which remind us continually of its flight towards Eternity. The origin of the Coventry watch trade seems uncertain, but it was established on a small scale by one Samuel Vale, about 1747, and has ever since been carried on here. It has had its periods of depression, but, on the whole, it has grown amazingly. We find by the government census of 1861 that 1,943 males and 68 females were then employed in this business in Coventry. There are now about 150 watch manufacturers in Coventry, employing a largely increased number of hands. In one manufactory which we visited, about 180 people are employed, besides many "on piecework," who work at their own homes; and the number of people connected with the establishment is altogether, perhaps, not less than a thousand. Many of the "manufacturers," however, are little more than operatives, employing three or four men, and perhaps two apprentices. But many more operative watchmakers could be employed in Coventry than can be obtained. The wages of watchmakers vary very much, being regulated by their abilities and the kind of work on which they are employed. It may be remarked that as regards the construction of watches there is great subdivision of labour throughout. Several parts of the watch are now made by machinery, on the "interchangeable" principle. The manufacture of the "movement" has been carried on at Prescott, in Lancashire, and Mr. Wycherley, of Warrington Road, Prescott, has introduced great improvements in that department; but the movement making is being gradually introduced into this city. The "brass works" are plated with gold by the electro process. The "mainsprings" are chiefly obtained from London. The "chains" are made at Christchurch, in Hampshire; each link, though so minute, consists of three pieces, which are jointed and riveted together. Much of the work is well known to be extremely delicate, but it may not be generally understood that the adjustment of the pendulum spring is so nice a task that it frequently takes a skilled workman several hours to perform it. As regards the cases, the gold or silver from which these are made is brought pure to the manufactory, where it is alloyed to convert it into "sterling" metal, which is then rolled to the required thickness, and shaped to its purpose. The Coventry School of Art, in which prizes are given for watch-case designs, has tended greatly to improve the external decoration. In all the manufactories "examiners" are employed, who, when the several parts of the watch have been completed and put together, take them to pieces, and minutely examine every part, giving the finishing touch wherever required. Diminution of size and elegance of form may be regarded as modern improvements. The keyless watch in its many varieties must prove to travellers a great advantage; but, besides being considerably more expensive, it requires the most skilful workmen to put it in order

when out of repair. In classification the chronometer, of course, stands first, but the lever, from its accurate time-keeping and cheapness, has for general use superseded all others. Chronometer, duplex, lever, and some kinds of vertical watches, are manufactured in every size in Coventry; and although vast numbers of cheap watches are produced there, as good also are made there as anywhere when a fair price is allowed. It is to be remembered that skilled labour is the chief thing—indeed, it is nearly *all* in watch-making—the intrinsic value of the material being comparatively little. A good, sound, serviceable watch may be made, and sold by retail, with a business profit, for £5; a chronometer of the first quality will cost £50. Between these extremes there are all varieties and prices. Vast numbers of watches are made in Coventry for exportation. The increase of travel, and consequently increased necessity of precision in arrangements for meeting trains, etc., giving rise, in its turn, to increased appreciation of the value of time, and increased promptitude in business; the extension of education; the character of the English manufacturer; and the small price at which a really useful (though when a very low price only is given a not very durable) pocket timepiece may be purchased, continually improve the demand, and make the English Watch a well-known article among every class in every town and village of Great Britain, and in every quarter of the globe. And a thoroughly good English watch is an excellent representative of the English nation.

#### OTHER COVENTRY TRADES.

We have alluded to the other trades of Coventry. It may be remarked that this city is admirably situated for trade, being only ninety-four miles from London and eighteen from Birmingham, and connected by rail with both, while it is nearly in the centre of the four great ports of England—London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull—and has extensive communication with other parts of the country; and it has been said that "Coventry promises at no distant date to be the principal centre, not only of the ribbon trade, but of many other textile manufactures in which the skill and industry of her weavers can be turned to profitable account." At the time of the great depression in the ribbon trade in 1861, efforts were made to introduce such manufactures into the city. The Cotton Spinning and Weaving Company was then formed, and in 1861 built a factory, but it has only been in *continuous* operation about five years, having had many struggles for existence; being obliged to bring the raw material from Liverpool (which of course adds to its cost), and to train the people to the work; the comparative dryness of the climate of Coventry is, moreover, said to be a disadvantage; but the yarn has acquired a good name in the market, and about 340 hands are employed by this company. The manufacture of the Coventry Cambric Frilling was also introduced here in 1861, and has been eminently successful. Messrs. J. and J. Cash, who introduced it, having a factory in Coventry in 1857, proposed to build another on the cottage system, to be let out in the ordinary manner to individual workmen (the people living in cottages around the factory, and uniting in its occupations). The original design was for a hundred houses; but in consequence of the distress which arose the number was never completed, and the upper part of the buildings was thrown into an

open factory for weaving their patent Cambric Frilling. The manufacture is a very ingenious one. The Frilling is made on a ribbon loom, one edge being finished off in exactly the same way as a piece of ribbon, and being thus more durable than any "hem." Running along the other edge, which is a perfect selvedge, is seen the gathering thread, by which the frilling may be drawn into any fulness. This gathering thread is made of a peculiarly strong material, so that it will not break. The Frilling is now largely manufactured with fancy lace edgings, and of various widths: and these necessitated new machinery of an ingenious and complicated character. The material itself is peculiar in its manufacture, both in make and quality, being more durable than any cambric produced in the broad width, and specially adapted for its intended purpose; it has also this advantage over the frillings formerly made up by ladies, that it can be procured in lengths of twelve yards. The Frilling manufacture has been carried on continuously ever since its introduction, and now finds employment for about 400 persons, two-thirds of whom are females. New kinds of "trimmings" have also been produced here, together with the patent "Friction Towel," which consists of a succession of ridges, and taken one way is rough, and the other way soft. The process of making the friction towels is a very clever and interesting one. The number of looms employed in this establishment (over which we were shown) is 350; the wages range from 5s. to 30s. weekly. The workpeople appear to be well treated; and a dining-room has been built for the use of those who live at a distance.

The Leigh Mills (so called out of compliment to Lord Leigh, for the interest he took in the city in the time of its woe) are situated in Hill Street, and form a very extensive pile of buildings. The main block was formerly used as a ribbon factory, but after the decline of the silk trade here, fell into disuse until a few years ago, when they were adapted to their present purpose. The company first commenced operations in November, 1863. They manufacture various dress stuffs of different materials; the cotton, alpaca, worsted, or silk used is brought here in sundry stages of preparation, but is warped, wound, and woven in the mill. In preparing the warp for the looms, the material is placed on the rolls and passed through the harness, so that a few minutes suffices for starting a new set of warps for the process of weaving. There are several very clever arrangements for shortening labour and saving time, especially an ingenious contrivance fitted to some of the looms whereby a broad width of stuff could be cut down the middle, and the selvedge made fast, during the weaving. The goods principally made here are striped and plain fabrics of mixed material, twills, and a large quantity of cottons manufactured specially for the American and other foreign markets as well as for home consumption. Some excellent fabrics may be seen in alpaca, and a light material similar to a poplin, known in the trade as "Japanese," and especially adapted for summer wear. About 250 hands are engaged in this factory, and the wages earned are generally good.

The Carpet and Rug works were first commenced in Much Park Street, in a small way, some few years since, and have rapidly increased in importance, about 100 hands being at present employed. The works are now carried on in a large factory in King Street formerly used for silk-weaving. Hearth-rugs



are the principal manufacture, though Brussels carpets are also made here. The worsted yarn is dyed at Kidderminster, and warped and wound like the silk for ribbons; it is then woven in a peculiar manner and cut down in strips by a machine adapted for the purpose, and in this condition forms a kind of chenille, which is afterwards woven in single hand-loom, the chenille being used alternately with a strong worsted shute to form the raised pile on the surface of the rug. Thus there are two weaving principles involved, one in producing the chenille, the other in weaving the rug; the design depending mainly on the accuracy with which the former is effected. The finished rug is then passed through a cutting machine to clean off all imperfections on the surface, and to reduce it to a perfect level. Some of the patterns are really beautiful, and exhibit a high degree of taste in design, and skill in manipulation. All the work made here is first dyed in the yarn, and the clearness and distinctness in colour is striking when placed beside some ordinary carpeting first woven and afterwards printed. The operatives employed here seem a highly respectable and intelligent class; they work by the piece, and the earnings of the females average from 10s. to 15s. weekly.

Coach Lace making is carried on by several firms in Coventry to a considerable extent. The principle of manufacture is much the same as that adopted in Brussels carpet weaving, a raised pile on the surface being left uncut, the wire forming it being withdrawn after successive actions of the batten, in which the shuttles are arranged. The looms for weaving the broader kinds are very massive, and the contrivance for withdrawing and replacing the wires is very ingenious. Narrow trimmings for bindings, etc., are woven in large looms (like the former, driven by steam-power), carrying twelve or more shuttles in the batten, and (as in a ribbon loom) weaving as many breadths of material at once, the patterns being regulated by the Jacquard engine fixed at the top of the loom. Hand-loom weaving is also frequently used in this trade.

The Elastic Web Weaving Company owes its existence to the late Rev. Sidney H. Widdrington, formerly rector of Walcot, Bath, and from 1858 to 1864 rector of St. Michael's, Coventry. (The plan of weaving fabrics with caoutchouc originated at Vienna, whence it was carried to Paris, London, and the provinces.) This company have 168 looms at work, and employ indoors and out about 300 people, including many young women, who present a most respectable appearance, and are said to be very well conducted. The elastic is brought to the factory as thread, and is there warped and prepared for the loom. It is woven in the same way as ribbon. The manufacture of elastic is also carried on by one or two other firms.

We have gone thus much into detail in order to show that the weavers of Coventry are no longer dependent, as formerly, on a single manufacture, but that their resources are greatly enlarged; and that in the event of distress again occurring in any one branch of their trade, they will be able to turn to other branches. And in connection with weaving, it may be remarked that Looms are becoming an important manufacture in Coventry, where they are made for Derby, Leicester, etc., as well as for Coventry. At the present time (October, 1872), many people are employed in this business. Two very essential parts

of the loom are the "harness" and "reeds," or "slays," through both of which the warp of a ribbon has to pass in the process of weaving, and the manufacture of these supplies work for a number of hands. Machinery has to a considerable extent superseded manual labour in this department; and we had the opportunity of seeing over a small factory belonging to Mr. Cleaver, in which are some very cleverly constructed machines for flattening and dressing the wire, and forming therewith the "slays," and others for making the "harness."

The Coventry Machinist Company, whose works we visited, has been established about ten years, and employs numerous hands. Their principal manufacture is sewing machines. Five hundred were recently turned out by them in fifteen working days, and as many as 300 have been manufactured in a single week. They make bicycles also. The work is very much subdivided.

Iron-founding has been successfully carried on for some years in Coventry, though not to any great extent. Agricultural implements, and other works in metal, are largely manufactured by Messrs. Matterson, Huxley, and Watson, who employ a considerable number of hands. In 1847 Mr. Francis Skidmore began mediæval metal working in this city. He distinguished himself in the production of several large works, including the roof of the Oxford Museum, and the screens of Hereford and Lichfield Cathedrals, of the latter of which Burritt speaks so highly. Mr. Skidmore having for some time ceased to be in any way connected with the house, is now conducting works of a similar character in the pretty little village of Meriden, about five miles west of Coventry. The Midland Architectural Metal Works Company has been established in Coventry under the management of Messrs. Lester and Hodgkinson, formerly managers of Mr. Skidmore's Art Manufactory. We were greatly delighted with our visit to this establishment, over which we were conducted by Mr. Lester. We may here remark that the designs for ornamental wrought iron gates and railings in the Coventry School of Art, in 1871, were of a very high order of merit.

The School of Art to which we have just alluded, is carried on in a fine building well adapted for the purpose, and has been productive of great improvement in trade designs. A few years since it was said that twenty years before (*i.e.*, just prior to the establishment of this school), it would have been possible to have counted on the fingers the whole of the people in Coventry who had any reputation for, or any pretence to knowledge in, Art. During those twenty years something like 6,500 students passed in one way or another through the school. Before that, the knowledge of Art was greatly needed in all the trades of Coventry. And the artisans knew little of such things. The designers of Coventry then gained a precarious living by copying the patterns of Frenchmen. Now, however, designing is a considerable profession in this city, and nearly every one of its designers has been brought up in the School of Art; while many pupils of the school have gone away from Coventry, some of whom have become masters of similar schools, some artists, etc. In the award for 1871, Coventry stood twentieth in the list of schools. The number of students in that year was 181. There are afternoon and evening classes, which are attended by pupils from the several public schools. The young persons engaged in trade who attend, are said to have

given great advantage to their employers by "designing and producing patterns of great excellence in conventional and natural forms, which the knowledge of manufacture, combined with skill in drawing, is alone able to produce." A wholesome spirit of emulation is, moreover, excited among these young people. "The institution is very important to the city, and must necessarily exercise great influence on the prosperity of the ribbon trade. Although beauty of colour and texture, rather than ornamental patterns, have of late been the chief desiderata in the ribbon trade, and the study of design for this important branch of manufacture has consequently suffered discouragement, so that few of the students in the higher grades are connected with the ribbon trade, the ribbon competition in 1871 was very much in advance of former years, and the drawing in outline of flowers and plants from nature was very beautiful." (In one instance a ribbon was wholly made in the school, being the entire production of a pupil who designed, draughted, and wove it on the premises.) And, as already intimated, the school has had great influence on the decoration of watch-cases. On the whole, this institution has progressed very satisfactorily.

But we must hasten away, and yet we cannot do so without again glancing around us.

The city, in its present aspect, is well described by Hawthorne (and we know not that we can do better than quote his description), as "a large town of crooked and irregular streets and lanes, not looking nearly so ancient as it is, because of new brick and stuccoed fronts which have been plastered over its antiquity; although still there are interspersed the peaked gables of old-fashioned timber-built houses, or an archway of worn stone, which, if you pass through it, shows like an avenue from the present to the past; for just in the rear of the new-fangled aspect lurks the old arrangement of courtyards, and rustiness, and grinness, that would not be suspected from the exterior." And again, he observes, that it is "a good emblem of what England itself really is, with a great deal of antiquity in it, and which is now chiefly a modification of the old. The new things are based and supported on the sturdy old things."

"The inimitable spires of the ancient city of Coventry" were long since spoken of; and though few traces remain of the chapels and hospitals, wherein it was so rich in the Middle Ages, the chief buildings are still the churches, which are remarkable for architectural beauty. Sir Christopher Wren called St. Michael's "a masterpiece;" and it is the largest parish church, except St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, and its steeple one of the most beautiful, in England; while its lofty nave and aisles, magnificent stained windows, fine organ, peal of ten bells, etc., are in keeping with the noble building which contains them. And it is a goodly and refreshing sight to see it crowded on Sunday evenings with working men and their families, to whom the present vicar has specially addressed himself, and among whom his labours have been very successful. Holy Trinity Church is close by, and suffers somewhat by its nearness to its more imposing neighbour. It is, however, a remarkably fine and large church, and, like St. Michael's, has within the last few years been judiciously restored. It contains a large and powerful organ, recently reconstructed, and in the churchyard is a temporary wooden campanile, holding a peal of eight bells. 'St. John's is a fine old

cruciform church of the fourteenth century, at the east end of the city. There are, besides, four other parish churches, and a number of Nonconformist chapels. The site of the burning of the martyrs during the Lollard and Marian persecutions is to be found in a disused quarry in the park. The most noticeable of these martyrs was Laurence Saunders, and we understand that a descendant of that worthy man contemplates erecting a monument on the site, an idea which it is hoped may not be abandoned.

Of the modern buildings of this "rare old city" we have not space to say much. We may just mention the Drapers' Hall, the only distinct edifice representing the old companies; the Corn Exchange; the new Post-office; the Market Hall; the Police-courts and Corporation buildings attached to St. Mary's Hall; the new Hospital, etc. There are also some good public Baths; an Institute (not so efficient nor so well supported as it might be); and a well appreciated public Free Library, in reference to which we may mention that Mr. Alderman Gibson, a wealthy and influential citizen, some time since bought the old Gaol, and is now erecting on its site a handsome block of buildings, which he intends presenting to the city for the purposes of the Library, a happy substitute for the Prison! One of the principal features of the city is its charities, which are both numerous and important. The Endowed Schools, in particular, form a special feature here; and we had several opportunities of visiting them, and of witnessing some results of the work they are carrying on. In these establishments, seven or eight in number, the children are clothed and educated, and, in some instances, partly boarded and lodged, free. The charity schools have been of vast benefit to the city, and some of the most respectable and successful citizens are indebted to them for their success in life.

The familiar expression, "sent to Coventry," originated in a strong dislike which the principal inhabitants formerly had to association, and even to the interchange of civilities, with soldiers. Hence the military quartered at Coventry found themselves isolated, unvisited and uninvited; and hence they devised the phrase referred to, signifying exclusion of that kind from society.

Coventry is pre-eminently a place for the archaeologist. It has been said that "no city in the empire contains so many monuments of interest to the antiquarian." And the whole neighbourhood abounds with objects of antiquarian interest and beauty.

There are from eight hundred to a thousand gardens round Coventry, from about an eighth of an acre and upwards, to an acre each, some few being larger. They are sought after and much prized by their occupiers, as they afford them much healthful relaxation and pleasure, besides adding in no small degree to the healthy condition of the inhabitants generally, a fact borne out by the low death-rate of Coventry, as compared with many other large cities. Coventry being generally third in the Registrar-General's Quarterly Report. The walks between the gardens are much frequented. The population of Coventry, which in 1851 was 36,208, in 1861 was 41,647, but in 1871, only 40,109. The Coventry Cemetery is one of the most beautiful in the kingdom; and was laid out from designs of the late Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., to whom a monument has been erected there.